

# The Sketch

No. 1128.—Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



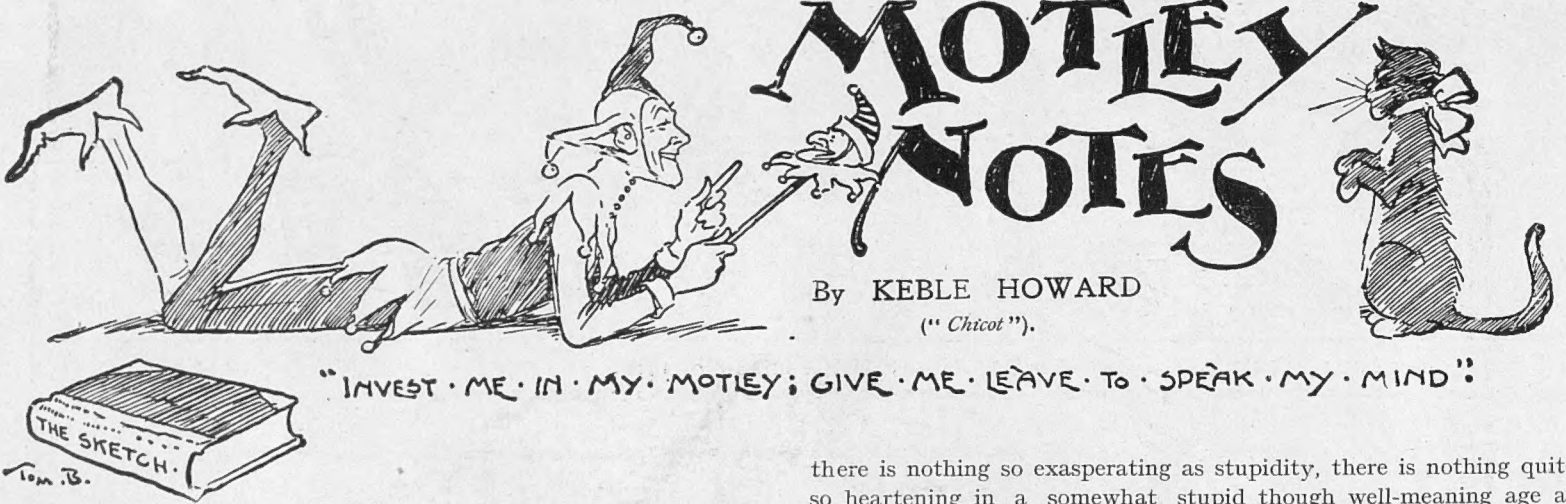
HERO OF A V.C. ACTION: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, WHO IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAVED CAPTAIN F. O. GRENFELL'S LIFE UNDER HEAVY FIRE.

After the brilliant charge of the 9th Lancers, and the subsequent rescue of some guns by Captain Grenfell, who was badly wounded, the Duke of Westminster is reported, at great personal risk, to have carried Captain Grenfell back to safety under a heavy fire. We have chosen for reproduction a particularly good photograph of his Grace in the

uniform of the Royal Horse Guards, in which he was formerly a Lieutenant. He is now a Major in the Cheshire Yeomanry, and since the outbreak of the war has been attached to the staff of the British Force in the Field. The Duke is thirty-five years of age, and saw service in South Africa as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts.

Photograph by Speaight





#### A Plea for Good News.

*"There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."*

I should like to have that profound piece of Shakespearean philosophy printed in huge type and pasted up in every editorial room of every newspaper office in the kingdom. In the majority of cases, I am glad to say, the reminder would be superfluous, but we should catch the minority who delight in making the worst, instead of the best, of things. There should be no such thing as "bad news" in time of war; in point of fact, there should be no such thing as "bad news" at any time; newspapers exist to publish "good news"—not "bad news."

I do not mean, of course, that we want our pills coated with sugar. On the contrary, we want to see right inside the pill, and we want to have the ingredients of the pill explained to us so that we may know precisely why that pill is going to do us good. What a foolish parent that would be who said to a child, "Here is a powder for you, my dear. It will taste very horrid, but you've got to have it." If the newspaper press insists upon arrogating to itself the parental attitude and the parental authority, it must also cultivate the wisdom and the restraint and the loving anxiety of the parent. As I have explained before, you cannot have it both ways. If you want to be a great personage and a great power, you must behave in a great way. If you don't, your children will rise up and show you that they have no respect whatever for your assumption of authority.

#### The Bright Side the Right Side.

Save that you might terrify a few thousand people into buying copies of your paper, what on earth is the good of bringing out posters announcing "Many British Killed and Wounded," or "Severe Reverse of the Allied Forces"? What good does it do to the nation? How can it help us to win the war? Is it likely to discourage the enemy? Is it likely to encourage our side? Is it likely to encourage recruiting? That should be the sole thought in the mind of every newspaper man throughout this War—not, "How can I sell most copies of my paper?" but "How can I best help forward the Great Cause of the Allied Forces?"

The unintelligent journalist may reply, "Yes, but a reverse is a reverse, and the public ought to be told the truth." The answer to that is extremely simple. If you are an Englishman, and you are fighting in a Cause that is so tremendous that it must be fought through to the end, no matter if it takes every man and every penny in the kingdom, a "reverse" is not a reverse. There is no such thing as a reverse. There may be a strategic retreat, but that is merely for the purpose of taking up a stronger position and leading the enemy further and further from his base. If the list of killed and wounded is a long one, instead of issuing a poster full of sobs and lamentations, you should announce, "Allied Forces Win Through"—which has an inspiring sound and is nothing less than the exact truth.

#### The Press Bureau.

It is perfectly obvious to any trained journalist that certain newspapers do not like the establishment of the Press Bureau. Some newspapers, indeed, are likely to hate anything that interferes with their liberty. At the same time, I believe in the Press Bureau, and I think it is being handled with care and intelligence. Real intelligence in any department is so rare that we must welcome it when we find it, and give it a friendly smile of recognition. Whilst

there is nothing so exasperating as stupidity, there is nothing quite so heartening in a somewhat stupid though well-meaning age as intelligence.

If Lord Kitchener assumed martial law over the newspapers, we should have official news alone. There would have to be more of it, and it would have to be written in a rather more full-blooded way. A man accustomed to raw steak would not thrive very long on beef-essence. But I am not at all sure that official news only, from now to the end of the war, would be a bad move. The writers of special articles, of course, would continue. We should know just as much as we know now—perhaps more—and we should be spared the shock of the hourly poster. A tremendous amount of nervous energy is being expended on reading newspapers. If the war goes on long enough, half of us will be mad and all of us blind.

#### The "White Feather" Trick.

There is something peculiarly unpleasant in the story of English girls promenading the parades of seaside towns, and presenting white feathers to youths whom they suspect, on sight, of having shirked enlistment. To begin with, how are they going to distinguish between the real shirker and the youth who has been turned down by the doctors? It does not seem a very gracious act to present a lad with a white feather who has just discovered that he is the victim of some incipient disease. Again, how are they going to distinguish between the real shirker and the young man who, though unmarried, is the sole support of a mother and sisters? People do not go about with labels across their chests proclaiming these facts.

But the chief objection to this form of recruiting is that it is animated by a spirit of hostility, a spirit of ridicule, and is much more likely to engender bitterness and opposition than spontaneous patriotism. The young women of the country can do much to inspire patriotism in the minds and hearts of the young men, but if they adopt offensive tactics, they would be far better at home under lock and key. Such young women do not understand the war—much less the motives of human action.

#### A Refreshing Evening.

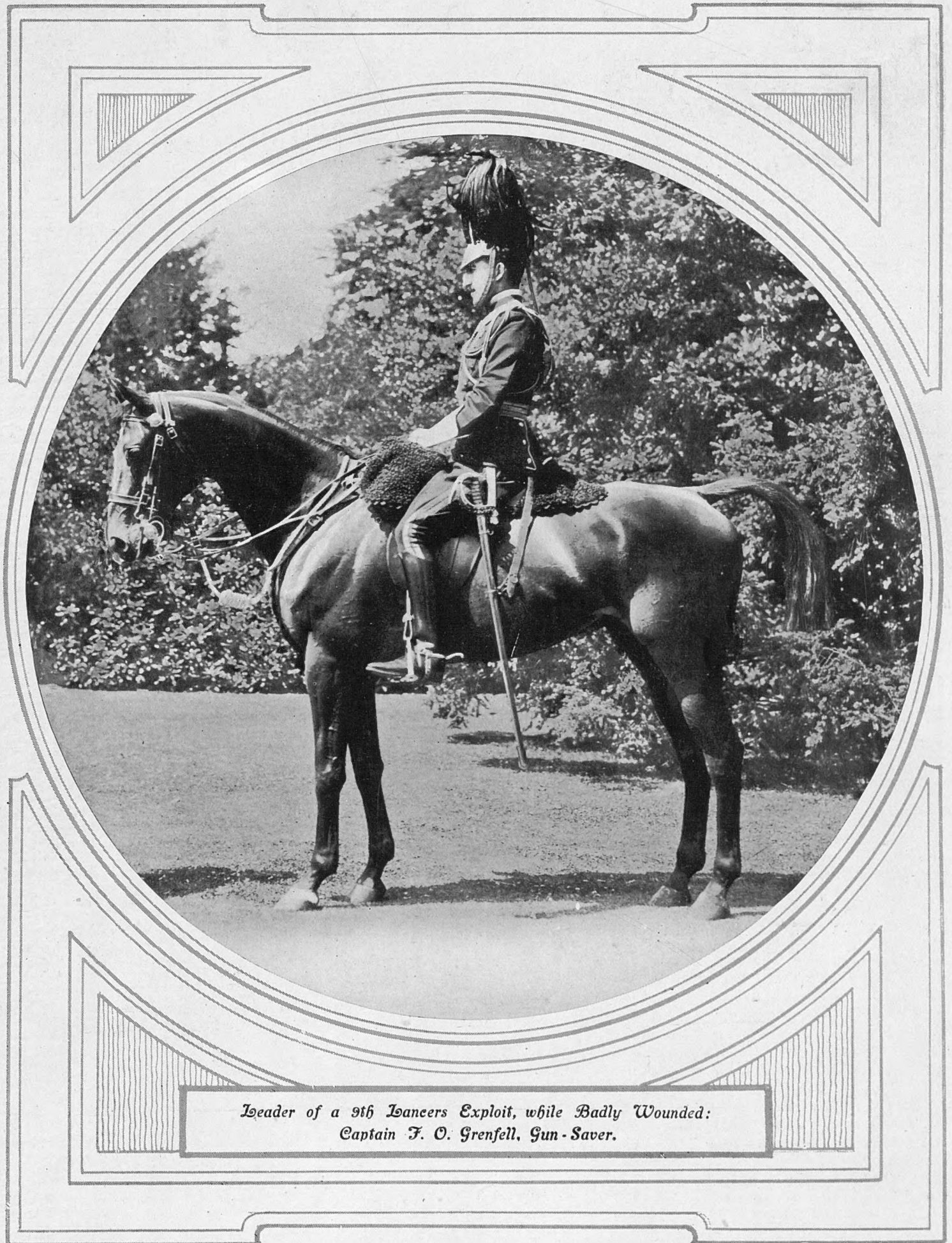
In these harassing days, we all need refreshment. It is seldom that one gets real refreshment in a theatre, but I found it the other night at the Palace. I know I am a little late in the day, but I should like to express my admiration of so dainty an entertainment as "The Passing Show." I was afraid that London had finished with such quiet, delicate work. I was afraid that London really wanted noise, and bang, and blare, and discordant colourings, and witless vulgarity. But London has loved and is still loving "The Passing Show"—which proves that good stuff is not dead and gone for ever.

Miss Elsie Janis is a dear little person. You cannot resist the way in which she slides into her little dances—dances so easy and so simple that nobody but a dancer born could make them so exquisite. It took me back to a night, years and years ago, when I first saw Eugene Stratton dance. The next best thing about her is her smile. That smile, and that gift for dancing, and that neat little figure, all make for the charm that means success, and success, and success.

The "book" is not so fresh and genial as it might be. The skit on Mr. Barker I thought rather offensive. But the true burlesque note was struck in a perfect little bit of quasi-Shakespearean-incidental-music from the clever pen of Mr. Herman Finck. That is the art of the thing—light as gossamer, neat, sure, and true.



"WE'LL GET THE GUNS BACK": A HERO OF THE WAR.

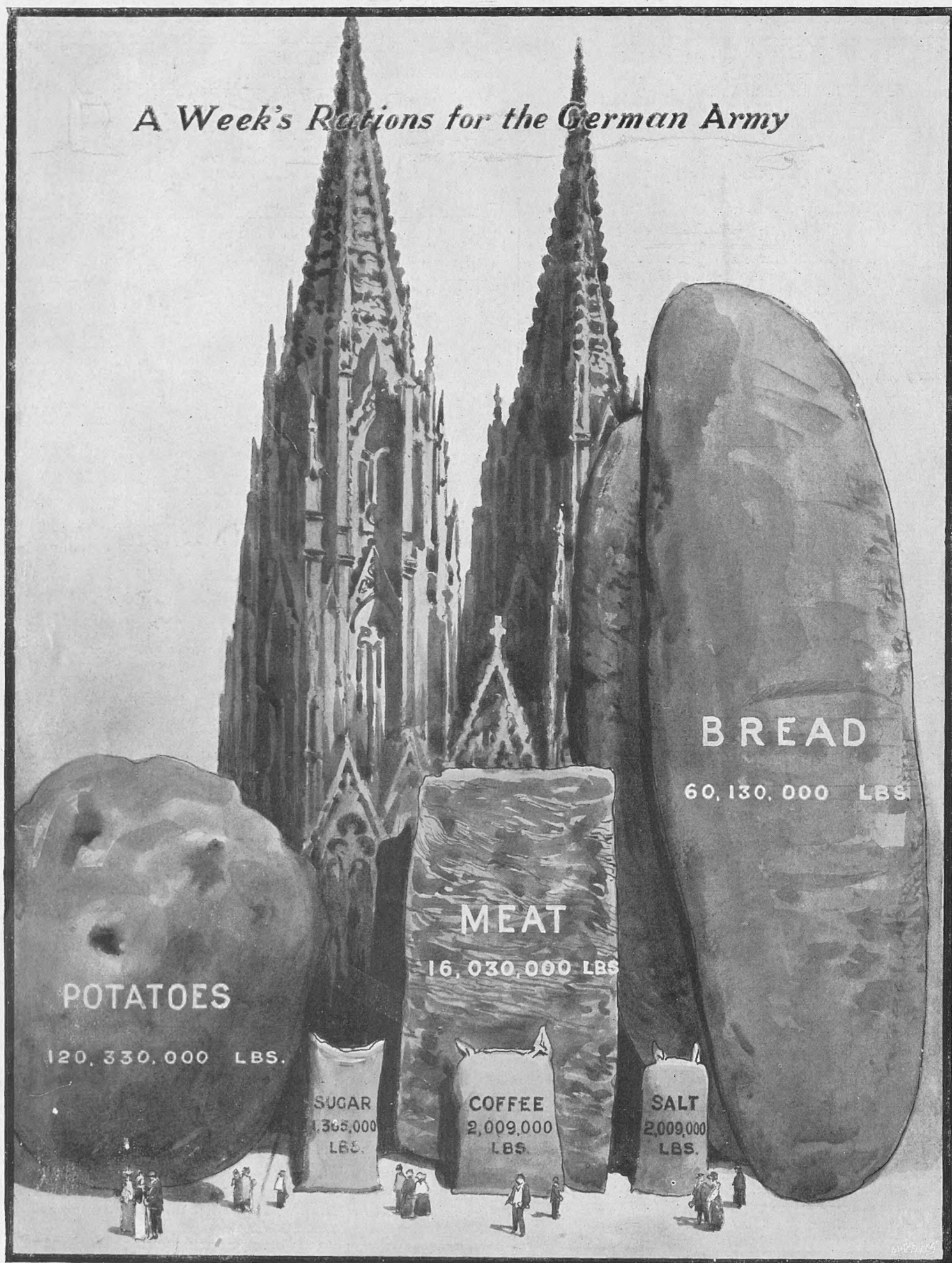


In the terrific fighting on the left of the Allied Armies, where the British bore the brunt of the onslaught, the 9th Lancers are stated to have covered themselves with glory in a Balaclava-like charge. In addition, the "Daily Mail" describes the following gallant deed of Captain F. O. Grenfell, of that regiment: "Another gallant deed was that of Captain F. O. Grenfell, of the same 9th Lancers. He was hit. . . . Almost as he received these wounds a couple of guns posted near were deprived of their

servers, all of whom save one man were struck by bursting shrapnel. The horses for the guns had been placed under cover. 'We'll get the guns back,' cried Captain Grenfell, and, at the head of a number of his men and in spite of his wounds, he did manage to harness the guns up and get them away. A later dispatch stated that he was eventually gallantly carried back to safety, under a heavy fire, by the Duke of Westminster.—[Photograph by Reuch.]



## SEVEN - DAYS' RATIONS! A MATTER OF MILLIONS.



## DWARFING COLOGNE CATHEDRAL: A WEEK'S FOOD FOR THE GERMANS IN THE FIELD.

The question of subsistence is a vital one to an army, and many battles have been lost from the failure of food-supplies. Taking the standard ration of the German Army as a basis, our illustration shows the supply necessary for a week compared with the huge mass of Cologne Cathedral. The result is very surprising, for we have a loaf of bread weighing 60,130,000 lb., and 393 feet high. Meat is represented by

a side of bacon, but in practice this might be varied by sausage, beef, or mutton. The bacon is 180 feet long, and would weigh 16,030,000 lb. Potatoes are the heaviest item, weighing 120,330,000 lb., and the gigantic tuber shown in the illustration would be 188 feet high; while the sugar-bag would measure 38 feet high, and would weigh 1,365,000 lb. Such amounts of food seem almost incredible.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



# THE FIELD OF HONOUR: FOUR GREAT-WAR PORTRAITS.



FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: LIEUT. LAMBTON.

Lieutenant Geoffrey Lambton, of the Coldstream Guards, who has fallen by a soldier's death in battle in France, was the second son of the Hon. Frederick William Lambton, and Mrs. Lambton, of Fenton Wooler, Northumberland, and a nephew of the Earl of Durham.



WIDOWED AFTER TWO MONTHS: MRS. GEOFFREY LAMBTON.

Mrs. Geoffrey Lambton, whose gallant husband, Lieutenant Geoffrey Lambton, of the Coldstream Guards, has lost his life in action in France, was only married in June last. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Christopher J. Leyland and Mrs. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle.

Photographs by Langfieri.



AN ARMY IN HIMSELF! JOSEPH L. LEYSSEN, THE BELGIAN BOY SCOUT.

What this heroic Belgian Boy Scout, Joseph Louis Leyssen, has been promoted and decorated for will take a lot of beating. Single-handed he is reported to have captured near Liège two German Engineers, one Uhlan, and two spies disguised as priests. He is also said to have fought in five actions, firing 500 shots with his automatic pistol, and has made daring bicycle rides with despatches.



A ROYAL EXAMPLE: THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, by joining the Grenadier Guards at the outset of the war, set an example to the young men of England, and must have inspired many to follow his lead. He is no novice at his military duties. At Oxford he was a member of the University Contingent of the Officers' Training Corps. He is now on duty with the 1st Battalion of his regiment.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and C.N.



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**THE LITERARY LOUNGER.**

**BELIEFS OF BERNHARDI: CIVILISATION BY WAR.\***

**War the Civiliser.** It is well that General von Bernhardt's cynically frank book should be reprinted now; it was first issued here early in 1912, and in two years much is forgotten by a nation such as ours, which cannot be called even moderately well versed, so far as the average man is concerned, in world politics. The work champions and re-champions the gospel of "cultured" militarism, that power is all, and that to be all-powerful is to advance civilisation, even though the path lie over the bodies of countless dead. The General begins, quite openly, by rating his countrymen, saying: "A rude shock is needed to awaken their warlike instincts and compel them to show their military strength. This strongly marked love of peace is due to various causes. It springs from the good-natured character of the German people." And, "An additional cause of the love of peace, besides those which are rooted in the very soul of the German people, is the wish not to be disturbed in commercial life." In a word, the writer is avowedly in favour of the mailed fist—to be applied as often as may be deemed desirable! "War," he argues, even as a professor might argue before a class, "is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with, since without it an unhealthy development will follow, which excludes every advancement of the race, and therefore all real civilisation. 'War is the father of all things.' The sages of antiquity before Darwin recognised this. The struggle for existence is, in the life of Nature, the basis of all healthy development. All existing things show themselves to be the result of contesting forces. . . . The law of the stronger holds good everywhere. Those forms survive which are able to procure themselves the most favourable conditions of life, and to assert themselves in the universal economy of Nature. The weaker succumb. . . . ' . . . War. In what does the creative power of this struggle consist? In growth and decay, in the victory of the one factor and in the defeat of the other! This struggle is a creator, since it eliminates.'" On that basis, Germany is at present performing a vital, most righteous act! An elephant is greater than a man because he can crush him! The jackal is to be admired because he can kill things physically weaker than himself! The tiger is better than the horse, the cheetah than the deer, the fox than the fowl!

**The Deity Called In.**

The Deity is called in, too—to assist splendidly, as the War Lord put it referring to the deeds of his eldest son at the front! "God will see to it," says Treitschke, "that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race!" Again—this time quoting Luther—"In the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the burnings, the battles, and the marches, etc.—that is what the petty and simple do who only look with the eyes of children at the surgeon, how he cuts off the hand or saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he does it in order to save the whole body. Thus we must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking, Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work." That from "Whether Soldiers can be in a State of Salvation"—a title to be answered by "Yes; if the cause be just."

**"A First-Class Civilised People."**

All of which leads to the old, old story of lust for power, for the gaining of which General von Bernhardt has many receipts to recommend to his own "first-class civilised people"—so he names them. The phrase is modest, it would seem: "The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to the German people. This conviction is based on the intellectual merits of our nation, on the freedom and the universality of the German spirit. . . . No nation on the face of the globe is so able to grasp and appropriate all the elements of culture, to add to them from the stores of its own spiritual endowment, and to give back to mankind richer gifts than it received." That is precisely what the world is noting—in ravaged Belgium and in fair France!

**The German Point of View.**

For all that, do not hesitate to read "Germany and the Next War." At least it will give you the—or a—German point of view. At least it will demonstrate to you how many miscalculations an "alien enemy" may make in judging the standards of honour with which he is likely to be faced. At least it will tell you why Germany, desirous of expansion, of the greatest place in the sun, decided upon war. And, above all, you will be interested to realise that Great Britain has always been the aggressor, not Germany, as you may have imagined. Two items of Bernhardt's gospel have been summarised as: "England is stationary or retrogressive in the world's progress. Germany is the coming world-power, who by her rise will elevate the world's standard of civilisation, art, and commerce. Germany's rise is, in fact, civilisation's greatest asset: Germany's inevitable expansion is being jealously watched by France and England, who are determined to thwart it by all or any means." So much for your beliefs!

\* "Germany and the Next War." By General Friedrich von Bernhardt. (Translated by Allen H. Powles. Popular Edition. Edward Arnold; 2s. net.)





OUR GALLANT CAVALRY BRIGADE: SOME FAMOUS RECORDS: RECRUITING IN THE VILLAGES.

**The Feat of the 12th Division.** I wish that Lord Kitchener, when he told us that our 12th Infantry Division had been charged by the German Guard Cavalry Division, and had thrown them back "with heavy loss and in absolute confusion," had mentioned the names of the regiments that compose our Brigade. It must have been a splendid feat of arms, and the regiments that accomplished it should be mighty proud of their deed. On the other hand, Lord Kitchener told us that the Scots Greys and the 12th Lancers were the two regiments which took part in a victorious charge in which they routed and speared the enemy.

**The Royal Scots Greys.** The Scots Greys have a wonderful record of charges, and in the days of the great wars in Flanders its usual opponents were the French cavalry of the Maison du Roi. They fought at Blenheim, at Ramillies (where the regiment captured a standard), at Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. At Dettingen the regiment captured another standard. The picture of Sergeant Charles Ewart, of the Scots Greys, capturing the Eagle at Waterloo is one of the best-known of British war-pictures, and hangs in Chelsea Hospital, where are also preserved the captured Eagle and the sword of the gallant sergeant. The centrepiece that stands on the table of the Officers' Mess of the Greys in piping times of peace is a group modelled in silver of the capture of the Eagle. The regiment, as its head-dress, wears tall bearskin caps, and it is one of the stories of the service that the regiment adopted these caps after they and the 5th Lancers had destroyed in a charge three regiments of Grenadiers in an opposing army.

**The 12th Lancers.** The 12th Lancers have also a fine list of battle honours, for they served in Egypt, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo, in the Crimea, and Central India. The regiment can claim the great Duke of Wellington as one of its officers, for he rode in it as a Lieutenant, and wore the blue jacket and yellow facings, silver lace, and leather helmet of its uniform in 1784. Galbraith Lowry Cole was his cornet. Tradition says that the regiment was for a time under the immediate personal orders of Nelson, for it did dismounted work at the sieges of Calvi and Bastia when Nelson, with the small-arm men and Marines of Lord Hood's fleet, took their turn in the trenches, the future great Admiral taking command by seniority of the mixed force.

**The Recruit's Call.** Lord Kitchener is now asking, and asking urgently, for the second hundred thousand of that half-million of men that he has told us the country will require in the field during the present war. The supreme sign that the fighting flame burns as clearly in their hearts

as ever it did in those of the lads of the days of Marlborough and Wellington is that very many hundreds of young men who, under usual circumstances, might have expected to wear the lace of an officer and to carry a sword are now enlisting as private soldiers to be drilled into efficiency at one of the big camps, to eat the rations of a private soldier, to be housed as the private soldier is, and eventually, their preliminary training done, to fight in the ranks as a private soldier. I warrant me that these lads of gentle birth will show, when it comes to the push of bayonets, that their hearts are as steady and true as those of any men who have given the Army the character it bears throughout Europe to-day.

**What the Village Lads Want.** It would never occur to me that the young men of our own class require any especial appeal to be made to them, and I am quite sure that the ladies of England will see to it that the men they love, their sons and their brothers, shall not be held at home by any silken tie. It is the farm labourer's son, the boys of the village and the town, who will require an incentive to enlist, and my own experience is that they miss the beating of the drum and the cheers of the villagers—all the enthusiasm that has until now always accompanied the setting off to war. One young gardener to whom I spoke on the subject of enlisting was quite willing to "have a go at the Prooshuns," as he put it, but he told me that he did not want to be shipped off in the middle of the night as though he had done something wrong. I think that, now that there is no longer the same necessity for secrecy in transporting our reinforcements to the Continent, it may be wise to let our lads go off abroad to the music of "The Girl I left behind me," and with the cheers of their friends ringing in their ears.

**A Personal Word.** On one matter I have a very firm opinion, and that is that any man who tries to persuade another man to enlist should have some very sufficient explanation why he himself has not enlisted or is not serving his Majesty in the field in one capacity or another. Before I talk to a gardener's boy or the young man who goes round with the butcher's cart on the subject of enlisting in his Majesty's army and serving throughout the war I make a point of telling them that I have done

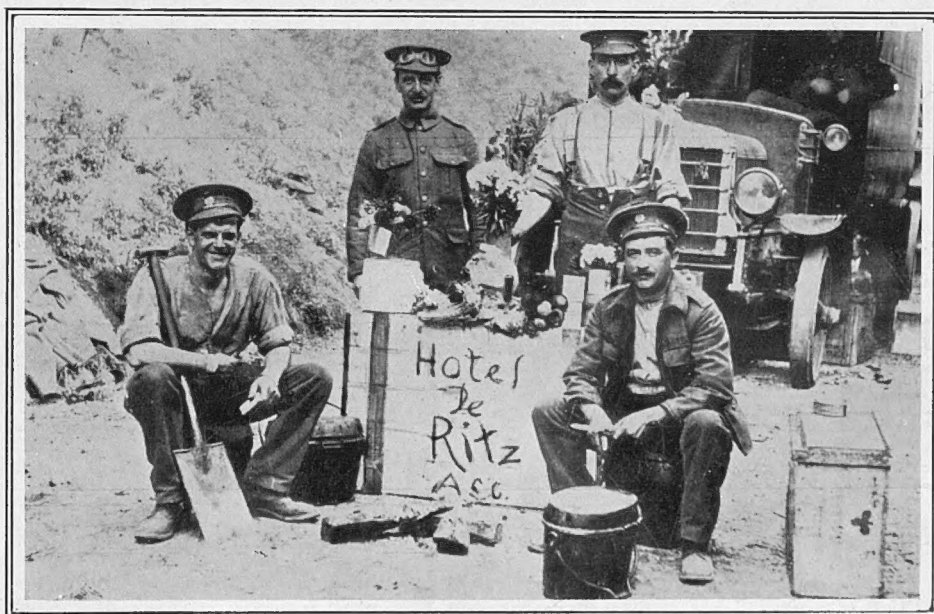
all that lies in me to go back again to my old profession, and have held myself in every way at the disposal of his Majesty to serve in any capacity. It is not my fault that I have been held, like many other old soldiers, to be past the age for service in the field, and that my help is not as yet required in other spheres of military activity. Therefore, with a clear conscience I can say to younger men, "Enlist," wishing very heartily I was young enough to practise what I preach.



"WARNING" BY A WAG AT HERNE BAY: A PLAYFUL NOTICE ON THE CLIFF AT WEST BEACH.

Visitors to Herne Bay have been by no means alarmed, but, on the contrary, considerably amused by the notice-board reproduced above.

Photograph by Austin.



A ROADSIDE RITZ AT THE FRONT: TOMMIES KEEP SMILING AND FULL OF RESOURCE.

This merry little picnic party of Army Service Corps men on a road at the front, backed by an A.C.S. wagon—which, perhaps, was once a London motor-bus—is an illustration of the cheery spirit which pervades our troops.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



## TRAINING RUSSIA'S CRACK CAVALRY: TRICK RIDING.



USING THEIR HORSES AS "BREASTWORKS": RUSSIAN CAVALRYMEN FIRING OVER WELL-TRAINED STEEDS.



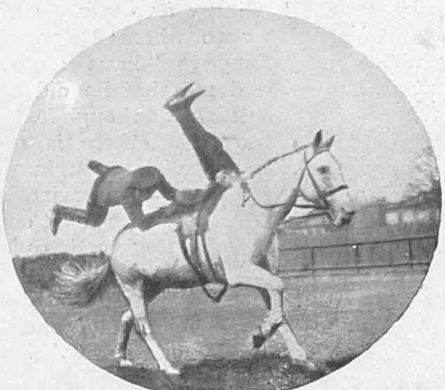
A CADET AT LANCE EXERCISE: WORK AT WHICH THE BRITISH CAVALRY EXCELS.



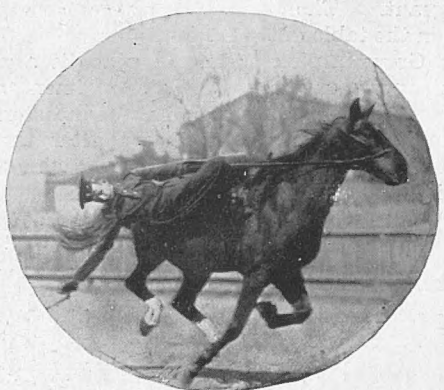
PYRAMID TRICK RIDING: A TEST OF TRAINING FOR MEN AND STEEDS.



A TEST OF TRAINING FOR MEN AND MOUNTS: PYRAMID TRICK RIDING.



A DISPLAY OF ACROBATIC AGILITY: CAVALRY CADETS AT VAULTING EXERCISES ON A MOVING HORSE.



TRICKS THAT MAKE A PERFECT HORSEMAN: A CAVALRY CADET ABOUT TO PICK UP A COIN.



USING A LANCE MUCH LONGER THAN THAT FAVOURED BY BRITAIN: A CADET AT "TENT-PEGGING."



REQUIRING NERVE AND WELL-TRAINED HORSES: HORIZONTAL-BAR EXERCISES BETWEEN CANTERING HORSES.



INSPIRING CONFIDENCE IN MAN AND STEED: PICKING UP THE COIN AT THE GALLOP.

The Russian cavalry, who have been distinguishing themselves in the eastern theatre of war as conspicuously as have our own horsemen in the west, owe their proficiency to a most thorough school of training. Being similar to our own cavalry success recently, the charge of the Russian Horse Guards in the great victory near Gumbinnen is of great interest. According to the "Novoe Vremya," "The enemy held a village from which they were pouring a murderous fire on the Russian position. The cavalry

were ordered to silence the guns. The first squadron rode straight at a battery, which fired point-blank and mowed down the Russian ranks. The second squadron followed fast, and would very likely have shared the same fate, but at the critical moment the third squadron charged the enemy on their flank, sabred the gunners, and routed the whole German force." Our illustrations show the training of cavalry cadets at the Nicholas Cavalry School



WASTAGE!



FOR SALE.

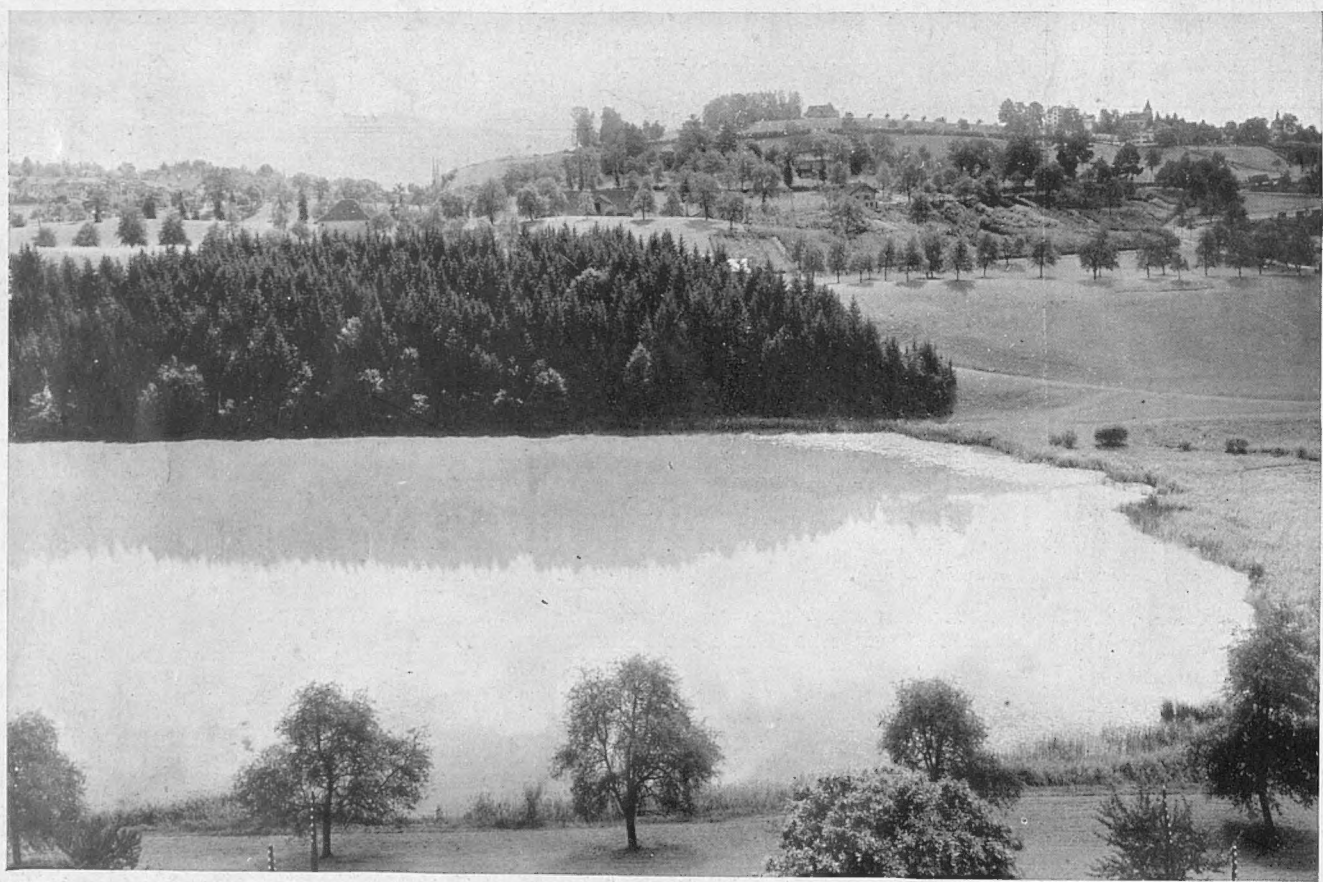
"WAR? WELL, WOT ABART IT?"

The stirring call to arms—"Your King and Country Need You!"—has still failed to reach, or at any rate to arouse, a certain section of our available fighting material. The Park loafer, for instance, who does not look as if he had any "encumbrances," has apparently decided that he is the country's last line of defence.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## DID IT REDDEN FOR THIS WAR? A PROPHETIC LAKE!



BELIEVED TO TURN RED WHEN WAR IS NEAR: THE LAKE OF BLOOD, NEAR LUCERNE, WHICH REDDENED AT THE TIME OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR AND AT THE TIME OF THE RECENT BALKAN WAR.

The Lake of Blood, near Lucerne, is so called because, at intervals, its waters assume a deep red colour—a phenomenon which is believed by the local peasantry to forebode a great war. The lake reddened just before the recent Balkan War—for the

first time, it is said, since the Franco-German War of 1870-71, when the same thing occurred. Has it reddened again? The red colour is caused by a small Alpine plant of that hue which grows all over the bed of the lake.—[Photographs by Krenn.]



## NOW THE NATION'S NERVE-CENTRE: THE WAR OFFICE.



WHERE LORD KITCHENER IS CONTROLLING THE DESTINIES OF OUR ARMIES: A VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE WAR OFFICE LOOKING DOWN WHITEHALL TO WESTMINSTER.

The War Office and the Admiralty, working as they do in close proximity and co-operation, may well be called the nerve-centre of the national life at the present time. Between them, they are now controlling the destinies of the British Empire. It is at the War Office that Lord Kitchener is at work night and day, organising his new armies, dealing with despatches from the front, and sending out reinforcements.

Thither first comes news of victory or defeat in the field, and there, too, are posted up the fateful casualty lists of the Expeditionary Force, so anxiously awaited in thousands of British homes. Within those walls is being conducted the general scheme of the greatest campaign in British history, on which our whole future existence as a World Power depends.—[Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Clyde Young, F.R.I.B.A.]





## GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE.

IN more senses than one General Chetwode came to the rescue. On Sunday, August 30, England was harassed by a despatch published in several papers and by certain gloomy articles that appeared in others. We were forced to read of English regiments cut up and in flight, of ten thousand unexpected casualties, of a large defeat, of the chances of a new Sedan, with a British Army entrapped. Few people shirk the thought of the gravest possibilities in a war of this sort, but the idea that things were happening, so to speak, behind our backs, only to leak out through a chance despatch in one paper and through the sudden frankness of some editor driven to desperation in another, does not inspire fortitude in time of trial. Into this tumult of discouragement were poured the oils of General French's message, and we learned of General Chetwode's charge.

Chetwode the "On the 28th the 5th British Cavalry Brigade, under General Chetwode, fought a brilliant action with the German cavalry, in the course of which the 12th Lancers and Royal Scots Greys routed the enemy and speared large numbers in flight." There, for the first time in all the queer, hazy business of publishing and suppressing war news, did we get the names of the General in command and of regiments engaged. General Chetwode had come to the rescue of the nation's good spirits.

The Change of Sir Philip Chetwode is in the thick of it. The peace of Market Drayton, where many of his English summers have been spent, is left behind. He is on roads pounded into white dust by the feet of armies and rutted a foot deep by gun-carriages and wagons. Instead of the clean little town in Salop, he is in a country littered with the debris of battle. The contrast in his case is forced on one, for he belongs first of all to the English countryside. Both at Market Drayton, 160 miles from London, and at Chetwode, five miles from Buckingham, he has tasted the sweets of village life; and though he has commanded the London Mounted Brigade, and lately added the Carlton to his clubs, he has neither the look nor the tastes of the townsman.

Chin-Chopping. He believes, too, in the fighting quality of the younger yokel. He knows a class of man who, though he has spent his life in the slow depths of country life, can be turned into a first-class soldier in a few months, as against the two years that go, with much swearing and brow-beating, to the making of a German private. Sir Philip's own progress has been sufficiently rapid. Some sharp fighting in the Chin Hills introduced him to a Burmese enemy, and during the Boer War he had a variety of interesting experiences. His medals and many clasps are the mementos of much fighting, but his rôle was not a leading one. The leap to fame was made ten days ago, somewhere south of Le Cateau.

## A Birthday in the Field.

Sir Philip's is the first reputation of the War. It follows that a son of eight is the happiest boy in England. Of Sir Philip's own boyhood it is remembered that he was a fighter of battles very early, as a pioneer in Mr. Wells's war-game. Among the most bewildering of questions heard in the nursery is "What would you like for your birthday?" A collection of answers in almost any family circle makes droll reading by reason of its unexpectedness. Sir Philip Chetwode keeps his birthday on the 21st day of this very month. On what would his choice fall? When he was five his reply was significant—"A box of soldiers." Now that he is forty-five the

reply would not be far different. But they would not be tin soldiers this time. He would bespeak a regiment of Uhlans as a birthday prize of war.

## An Undoubted D.S.O. Initials are always ambiguous;

and the little girl who was asked what her great-uncle's D.S.O. stood for, and guessed it as Deaf Silly Owl, was pardoned by a smiling family the strictly personal application. Sir Philip, of course, had not reached the age of great-uncleship when the Distinguished Service Order came to him in 1900. He had just turned thirty and had in his regiment the un-owl like reputation of hearing everything, and consequently of a wisdom beyond his years. The training of South Africa, where the horsemanship of men whose easy chair was the saddle awakened in him whatever envy his generous nature allows him, now serves him well. During that war, he had, too, his mention in despatches—the despatches of the surviving kind. Only a year earlier he had married into a family that fought bravely at Salamanca and on many another field; Lady Chetwode being a daughter (Alice Hester Camilla) of Colonel the Hon. Richard Stapleton-Cotton. His mother—the wife of the sixth Baronet of the line—had been a Bass; and the legend "Be sure of the label" often came to mind

in a campaign which was said to find the foe in the accoutrements of a friend. The piety of a Chetwode is expressed in his own family motto—"Christ is my crown."

## His Men.

Sir Philip's regiment is the 19th Hussars, but his Brigade includes contingents from several crack regiments. In other words, he has in his command the pick of British men and British horses. Already he has lost officers, and among them personal friends of particular merit. But all in all he has shown that British cavalry can do great execution against the troops of a highly trained enemy without suffering anything like disaster, that a force peculiarly susceptible to shell-fire can be moved hither and thither over ground swept by hostile artillery. General Chetwode is in the thick of it, and would ten thousand times rather be where he is than reading his *Times* in Market Drayton.



COMMANDER OF A CAVALRY BRIGADE WHICH HAS COVERED ITSELF WITH GLORY IN THE GREAT WAR: GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, Bt., D.S.O.

General Chetwode commanded the cavalry brigade which performed such valorous deeds on the left flank of the Allied Army, of which we have recently heard very thrilling accounts. He joined the 19th Hussars in 1899, and has seen service in Burmah and in South Africa, where he won the D.S.O.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.



OUR PRESERVERS.



THE FIRST HANDYMAN: I know why old Von Turnips won't come out. 'Cos 'e knows 'e'll be mashed to a Jellicoe!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## THE MADNESS OF PRIVATE BARNES.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

THE Sergeant-Trumpeter stared rigidly to his front. Upon his left two buglers, their heads bared, stolidly faced the situation.

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel, glaring at the "charge-sheet." "No. 4703 Boy Briggs, T., and No. 4797 Boy Smith, H. Creating a disturbance in the barrack-room." Well, Sergeant-Trumpeter, what is your evidence?"

The Sergeant, shooting a surreptitious glance at the young graven images beside him, coughed nervously.

"Beg pardin, Sir," he stated, "but as I was agoin' into 'B' Company barrack-room yesterday at 4.30 p.m. I 'eard Boy Briggs shoutin' to Boy Smith. 'What's the Army comin' to?' sez Boy Briggs. And Boy Smith, Sir, 'e up and answers"—pausing, his rubicund countenance seemed to threaten apoplexy—"Lloyd George, Sir."

"Lloyd George!" repeated the Colonel. "I don't understand. Is that all?"

"Yes, Sir," stammered the Sergeant, "'E was referrin' disrespectful to the Secretary of State for War."

"Please, Sir," cried the agonised voice of Boy Smith, "I didn't mean nothin', Sir. I only passed the remark to Boy Briggs, Sir."

With a sudden dive into his pocket-handkerchief, the Adjutant, making an heroic effort, compelled his face to resume its expected solemn aspect.

"What on earth is he talking about, Captain Seymour?" grunted the Colonel.

"Boy Smith, Sir, is evidently under the impression that Mr. Lloyd George is War Minister. Hence his criticism," explained the Adjutant, suppressing a renewed attack of incipient laughter as the scandalised face of the Sergeant again met his gaze.

"Oh! Ah! I see!" ejaculated the Colonel.

"Please, Sir," stammered Boy Briggs, "I didn't—"

"Silence!" thundered the Sergeant-Trumpeter.

The Colonel, twirling his moustache in perplexity, peered through the open doorway of the Orderly-Room towards the barrack-square. For a few moments nothing but the swish of the punkah and the steady tramp of the sentry on the stone flags of the verandah disturbed the awful stillness of the room. At last the Commanding Officer's eyes again inquired of the witness.

"And may I ask, Sergeant-Trumpeter, what was the cause of all this silly talk?" demanded he.

That the witness could answer the question quite well, if he wished, was obvious. Nevertheless, he coughed, grunted, and even shifted his feet. To declare the initial cause of the fracas would be but to aggravate the offence a hundred-fold. The boys were very young. He did not wish to be unnecessarily hard upon them.

"Speak up!" urged the Colonel, with growing irritation. "We'll be here until tiffin time at this rate."

"Well, Sir," ventured the N.C.O., "it was all on account of that there new order about singin'. The boys were discussin' it amongst themselves, Sir."

"H'm!" growled the Commanding Officer, fixing the lads with his eye once more. "Boy Briggs and Boy Smith, if I hear any more of this sort of thing, I shall have you both birched. Understand that! A nice state of affairs when even the boys criticise my orders. March them out, Sergeant-Trumpeter!"

Three minutes later, except for the Adjutant, the Orderly-Room was empty. The sounds of the Colonel's voice, cursing his syce as he mounted his pony, drifted in on the heated air. The Adjutant, grinning freely, dropped back in his chair and lit a cigarette. It was already quite plain that if the Colonel persisted in riding his latest hobby at racing speed the battalion would soon become unmanageable.

Extremely few people who reach the age of fifty are without their eccentricities. That Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Augustus Lumsbury was not one of those few is certain. A keen soldier, a stern disciplinarian, and without physical fear, he ruled his men with no gloves of kid. Now, had that been all, there would have been nothing to narrate. Unfortunately, however, no sooner had he obtained the command of the battalion than he developed into a faddist of the most virile type. No general order or suggestion, even the most trifling, which filtered down to him from Headquarters could escape his particular attention. Mere obedience to his whims

was insufficient. Zeal of an acute variety was what was expected from all ranks, until the officers were harried from pillar to post.

It was his very latest, up-to-date fad which was now causing trouble. Encouragement of singing whilst on the march had been recommended by somebody. The Colonel had jumped at it like a hungry fish. The Adjutant, knowing his chief's methods, had expected protest, in some form or other, from the start; but the Colonel would listen to no advice.

In the humble person of Boy Smith the ball had now opened. That the men should be encouraged to sing was sound enough, but that they should have to endure singing-lessons in the barrack-rooms, and be ordered to march round and round the parade-ground in the cool of the evening singing maudlin ditties selected by the Commanding Officer himself, was hard to bear.

The other troops in cantonments were having the time of their lives. Seated at a reasonably safe distance, they gurgled with open merriment, likening the performance to the Salvation Army. Three inter-regimental fights in the first week had resulted, and more were daily expected.

His work in the Orderly-Room finished, the Adjutant, with furrowed brow, sauntered off towards "B" Company barrack-room. The heat of the day was growing more oppressive every moment. Most of the officers had already departed to the coolness of the mess. Seymour's heart, however, was in his work. For him actually to gauge the situation for himself seemed to him to be momentarily growing more necessary.

On the steps of "B" Company block he paused involuntarily. A more than half-naked punkah coolie, nodding in sleep as he mechanically pulled his rope, was the only occupant of the long stone verandah upon which the windows of the barrack-room opened. A diffused murmur of raucous laughter from within was followed by the stentorian voice of the Colour-Sergeant—

"Now then, Private Barnes, you just remember that this ain't no laughing matter whatsoever. An order is an order. Yesterday, on parade, 'B' Company was the worst in the regiment. To-day it's got to be the best. And you, Private Barnes, have got to give it the start. Just get that into your head, my lad!"

Captain Seymour, shaking his head to himself, clanked into the room.

"Tion!" bellowed the non-commissioned officer promptly.

"Carry on, Colour-Sergeant," ordered the Adjutant. "I merely wish to see you at work."

The men, silenced by the appearance of the officer, reseated themselves on the forms and the ends of their beds. Dressed (or undressed) in every form of deshable affected by the soldier in the seclusion of the barrack-room, the men turned their attention once more to their instructor. The latter, his rubicund visage almost purple, rubbed the back of his hand across his parched lips, and once again brought his glance to bear upon Private Barnes.

That the self-same Barnes had been one of the men who had recently attempted to uphold the dignity of the regiment outside barracks with his fists was no secret. In fact, the beautiful azure eye which he had received in the dispute was still very much *en evidence*.

"Now, Private Barnes, as you, through no fault of your own, have the best voice, it is up to you to lead the company. When I give the word, off you go!" instructed the N.C.O. "There ain't no detail for singin' given in the drill-book, nor there ain't even a word of command. But you men have got to take the word from Private Barnes, and put some beans into it, too!"

Barnes, a stoutly built little man with the chest and arms of a gymnast, rubbed his nose casually, avoided the Adjutant's eye, and forthwith loosed off a bellow like that of a wounded bull. The discord that instantly followed in his wake from the remainder of the company was soul-destroying.

"Halt!" yelled the Colour-Sergeant wildly.

Seymour, quietly slipping through the doorway, beckoned for his pony, and disappeared as unostentatiously as possible. That the wretched Barnes, who, he believed, had already resented many opprobrious epithets in connection with his new vocation, had no real intention of singing properly was plainly discernible. And that the singing-lesson was hopelessly doomed to failure was equally apparent.

[Continued overleaf.]



## AN UNHOLY TERROR.

*(Soldiers and Territorials are carried free on the Underground.)*



THE CONDUCTOR: Fare, please.

ISAACS: Territorial.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

"You may lead the horse to the water, but I'm blest if I know how he is to be made to drink," he murmured, flicking his pony, and starting off at a canter across the maidan. "There will be an unholy bust-up in one direction or another, soon, if we don't watch it."

That the Adjutant's words were true—certainly in so far as one individual was concerned—was destined to be proved within four-and-twenty hours.

Reveille had just sounded. The men, yawning and stretching, tumbled out of their cots, and the usual pandemonium of dressing began. No. 3763 Private Barnes, Henry, in his cot by the door, alone made no attempt to move. Even a surreptitious reminder, in the shape of a boot thrown by his particular chum, Private Cook, failed to elicit a response.

"'Ere, Barnes, what's wrong?" shouted the Corporal of the room, striding across to the bedside.

For answer, Barnes suddenly sprang, half-naked, to his feet, laughed wildly, and broke into the opening bars of a well-known hymn.

"Shut up, you fool!" ordered the Corporal. "You'll be late for parade."

Pausing for a moment, Barnes gibbered at the Corporal like a monkey, then, with an ear-splitting yell of defiance, resumed his song.

"Come along, old pal!" cried Cook, shaking him by the shoulder. "What's wrong? Chuck it!"

Throwing off his comrade's arm with a snarl like an angry dog, Barnes seized his rifle, shouldered it, and started off forthwith, with exaggerated action, to march down the middle of the room at a slow step, singing the while a time-worn song relative to his mother's grave.

"'Ere, that'll do, Private Barnes!" shouted the Corporal angrily. "I'll shove you in the guard-room in two minutes if you don't stop fooling."

"S—sh, Corporal! Orders is orders!" retorted Barnes over his shoulder. "When I start the time, 'tis for the rest of you to fall in with me."

"He's gorn barmy, s'help me!" gasped the Corporal impotently.

Without paying the least attention, Barnes, grossly immodest in his want of attire, marched forth on to the verandah, and, in full view of the barrack-square, bellowed forth the words of a popular music-hall parody.

Even Private Cook stood aghast. The other occupants of the room, staying their toilets, stared with open mouths. A minute's silence on the verandah, followed by the appearance of a snarling, gibbering visage at the window, awoke them suddenly to a full realisation of the situation. They had all seen insane men before.

"Poor 'Enery!" breathed Cook. "'Tis the singin' lessons as has unhinged his mind."

"Humph! He's for hospital, anyway, whatever done it," declared the Corporal. "Fall in four men for escort duty, Private Cook, while I make out the 'sick report.'"

Whether Barnes comprehended for what he was destined was not apparent. Having wearied of his manœuvres on the verandah, he returned moodily to his cot and, seated thereon, contented himself with perpetrating grimaces more horrible than ever. Cook, dismay upon his countenance, watched him furtively as he laced his boots.

Presently, the blare of bugles sounding the "fall in" having infiltrated the barracks, the room, except for the Corporal and the escort, was rapidly emptied. Then Barnes, muttering continuously, was induced to clothe himself.

A quarter of an hour later, Private Barnes, singing a ribald libel on his Colonel, was marched by his scandalised escort across the square to the hospital.

When the medical officer, hastily summoned, proceeded to interrogate the patient, the latter greeted him with a version of "Rule Britannia" hitherto unpublished. To the doctor's questions he returned nothing but a monotonous succession of grimaces.

"Ah! Quite so!" drawled the officer, surveying the patient calmly. "Take him away and lock him up in the lunatic ward."

"Hooray!" shouted Barnes as they led him off. "Give my compliments to the Colonel, and tell him I want him at once. Want to sing the old sport to sleep. Hooray!"

"Shut up, you barmy blighter!" admonished Cook, catching him with his knee in the small of the back.

It must be explained that the lunatic ward at Jumnapore military hospital looks out through an iron-barred gate straight upon the officers' quarters.

The guard proceeded to make themselves comfortable. The "standing orders" stated that two men were to mount guard outside the cell at a time, the remainder retiring to temporary quarters in the hospital.

The Corporal, having seen to the locking of the cell, placed Cook and Dobbin on duty, handed them the written "orders for guards over insane patients," and retired for breakfast.

For some time there was silence. Barnes, having deposited himself on the bed, appeared to be absorbed in meditation. The guard, outside, occupied themselves in studying their orders.

Presently, the sound of the great gong at the main guard-room was heard booming out the hour. The first parade of the day was at an end. In the ordinary course of events the Colonel, on his way to his bungalow, would soon ride past. The guard involuntarily straightened their figures. The patient, his eyes intent upon the roadway, was strangely quiet.

Suddenly, as the sound of the Colonel's pony caught the latter's ears, he burst forth into a salvo of song that could be heard half a mile away.

The Colonel, reining in his charger, turned his head, hesitated, but rode on. Barnes, emitting a defiant yell, reopened with "Rule, Britannia."

It was not until the evening that the medical officer again visited the patient. According to custom, on the door being unlocked, the four men of the guard entered first, in case the patient should show violence.

On this occasion, the door had hardly been opened when Barnes sprang forward and, tripping up Cook, waited for Dobbin. The latter, rushing into the breach, received a blow in the chest that knocked half the wind out of him. The end, however, was inevitable. Barnes, held by the four men, was helpless.

The patient still refused to answer the officer except in song. To have continued the examination, therefore, would have been futile. The doctor, shrugging his shoulders, left without a word.

The door again locked, the guard, with freely expressed opinions of the patient, his ancestors, and possible successors, rubbed their bruises and composed themselves for the night.

Barnes, however, seemed in no hurry for sleep. Waiting until the appearance of lights in the Colonel's bungalow denoted dinner, he settled down to an evening of exhilarating song. The Colonel was helpless to escape it.

Next morning, when the medical officer again appeared, the self-same scene of violence was enacted. This time, Dobbin, smarting from memories of the evening before, surreptitiously smote the patient on the jaw. The fracas that resulted, while Barnes forgot to gibber, was worse than any dog-fight. Dobbin, retreating with his hand to his eye, locked the door at last and glared at Barnes through the bars.

It was later in the morning that the change came. In the noon-day heat Cook and Dobbin sat on the verandah, their heads against the wall, dozing.

Suddenly they awoke with a start, rubbed their eyes, and stared at the patient.

"Wake up, old sport!" said Barnes calmly, poking Cook in the ribs.

"Blimey!" ejaculated Cook. "You ain't barmy, after all?"

Barnes, breaking into subdued chuckles, thrust his hand through the bars.

"Gimme a pipe of baccy, Tommy," he demanded.

"What did you do it for?" inquired Dobbin, rubbing his eye.

"I'm goin' to be invalidated home as a looney by the next ship," explained Barnes, lighting the borrowed pipe with gusto.

"What for?" gasped Cook.

"Fed up with soldierin'—that's what for," growled Barnes. "Did you hear me get a bit of my own back out of the C.O.? Hey, what?"

"H'm, young fellow, but what about me?" grunted Dobbin angrily. "You take advantage of bein' a bloomin' looney, and bash me in the eye. Come out and fight fair, and I'll knock your silly head off. Come out, I say, you coward!"

Barnes's mouth set grimly. There was an old feud between him and Dobbin which needed settling. To be called a coward was difficult of digestion.

"Unlock the door!" he cried.

"Not much!" replied Cook, with decision. "'Tis a court-martial offence for us. You'd best get cured, and then fight it out."

"He's afeared," jeered Dobbin.

Barnes gritted his teeth and clenched his fists in speechless anger.

Suddenly the sounds of heavy footsteps resounded on the verandah. The guard sprang to attention a moment too late. The medical officer, staring comprehensively about him, did not fail to note his patient's altered aspect.

"Well, Private Barnes," he inquired blandly, "better yet?"

For a moment Barnes hesitated, then met the leering eye of Dobbin. "Yes, Sir," he stammered. "I think, Sir, I—er—must have had a touch of sun."

"Ah, I imagined you would eventually improve. You shall return to duty to-morrow."

The fight between Barnes and Dobbin came off behind "B" Company cook-house at sundown. The Company was decidedly pleased with the spectacle. The first round, however, quite decided Private Dobbin that he had made a mistake in persuading "the looney" to recover.

The Colonel discussed the case with his Adjutant in remarkably few words. "Private Barnes," said he, "needs a change to the hills."

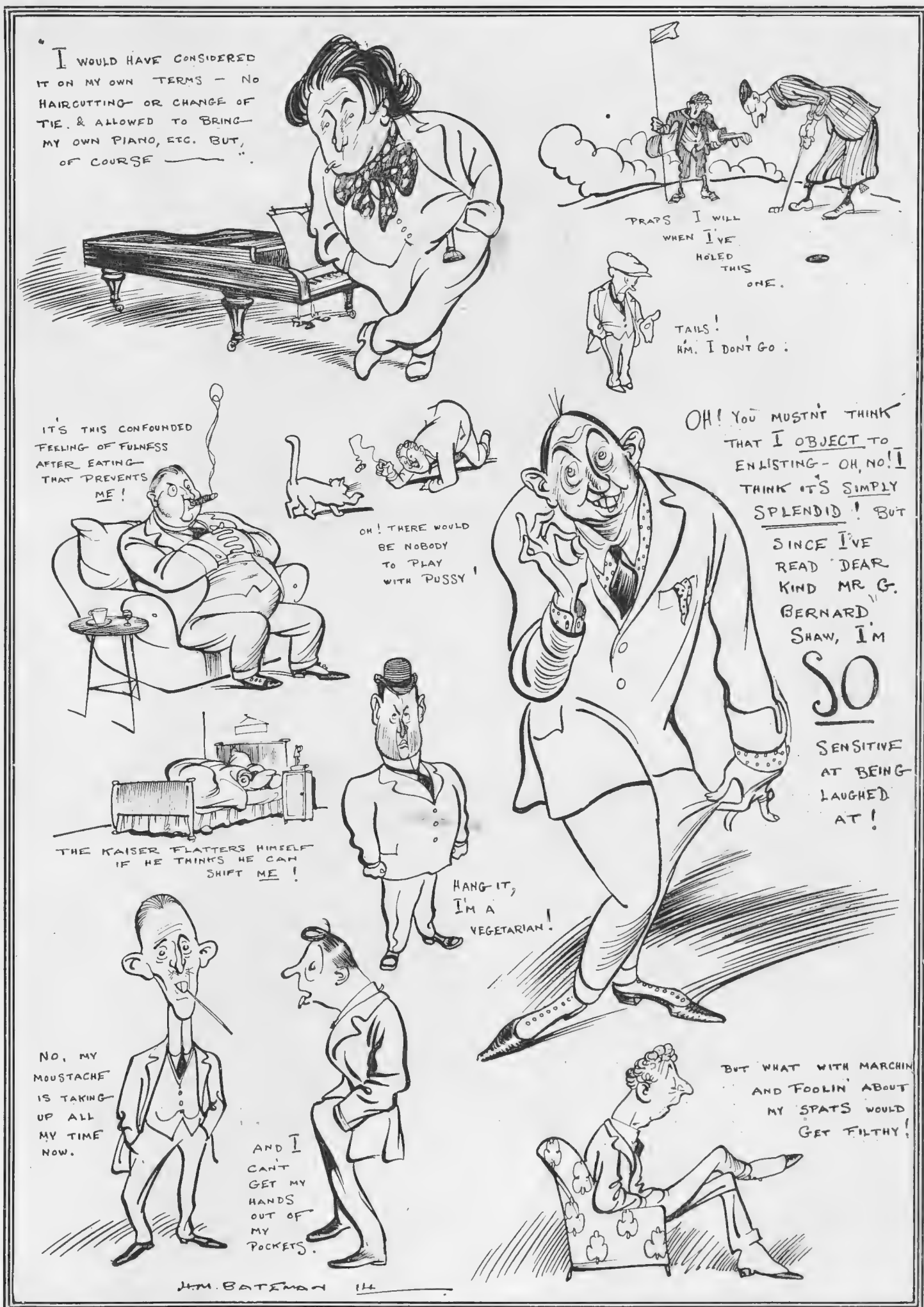
"I certainly think that he should not be encouraged to lead the Company in those singing exercises at present, Sir," answered the Adjutant.

"Most certainly not!" ordered the Colonel, with heat.

THE END.



ARE YOU AS ONE OF THESE?



A FEW SPLENDID FELLOWS WHO ARE UNFORTUNATELY DEBARRED FROM MEETING THE GERMANS—AND WHY.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

**Whom to Despise.** We women have a stronger sense of justice than we are usually credited with. As we move about town we see thousands of young, able-bodied men in civilian dress. We want to feel a wholesome contempt for them, one and all, but are deterred by the fact that some may have volunteered and been for some reason rejected. Could not a badge be given to such men? They would, I am sure, prefer to show that they had done their best and were not to be included among the well-fed, well-dressed youths that care only to shout about victories gained by someone else! Personally, I do not believe these young men are cowards: they are difficult to awaken from a dream of pleasure, peace, and plenty. Let us hope that their awakening may not be too rough, for that would mean defeat for our real awake and active men!

**Fight Fair.** In the business war now being waged against Germans, some blows are delivered unfairly: we should beware of this. Rumours, for instance, have been industriously circulated that Mr. R. J. Reuter, who was born in Finland and educated at the Swedish College and University of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is an alien enemy and has been ordered out of the country at short notice, and so forth. He is the head of the well-known 4711 Eau de Cologne company, and has in person conducted his business here for twenty-three years. It has always been his custom to supply British-made goods in his sundries business, which will, in consequence, be little disturbed by the present crisis. In order to make the celebrated 4711 a British concern he has registered it as a British company, the Eau de Cologne to be made in this country, the shares to be held by British subjects, and the members of the Board British subjects. Thus it will be possible for us to have this splendid 4711 that we all love, and to know that in doing so we are strictly patriotic. Those who know Mr. Reuter personally will sympathise with him in being the victim of insinuations wholly false.

**A Great Favourite.** The Hon. Archer Windsor-Clive, one of our first officers to die a hero's death for England and for honour, was well known at Eton for his prowess as a cricketer. He was, like the other members of the family, good-looking, and was also cheery and charming—a general favourite! His eldest brother died when on duty as A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa, very suddenly of enteric. There are only left to Lord and Lady Plymouth one son (the present Lord Windsor), and Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, their only daughter. Universal and deep is the sympathy extended to them.

**The Badge of Honour.** Many of our people know that their menkind have gone to join the band of heroes, to hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," the great guerdon of all mankind. It has been suggested by women, some of them very highly placed, that the honour of their going should outweigh the grief that they have gone, and that mourning should not be worn for our heroes, but, instead, a badge of honour, purple or white or in other way distinctive. The reasons urged other than the above are the depressing effect of the sight of much black, and the feeling that the poor will be relieved from the

purchase of it. These reasons are all good. There is one better, however, on the side of mourning: it gives work to the workers, bread to relatives of the soldier heroes fighting still, as well as those with their fight well fought. Also, there is the inherited sentiment of the outward and visible sign of inward and deepest grief that has come down through generations, and that is with the poor almost a religion, seeing that they have to make great sacrifices in order to practice it.



WIFE OF THE GREAT EXPERT ON SENTRY, AMBULANCE, AND POLICE DOGS: MRS. RICHARDSON. Mrs. Richardson is the wife of Major E. H. Richardson, who has taken his dogs to the front again, as he has in almost every campaign in recent years, for service with the Red Cross. Major Richardson has bred and trained bloodhounds, Airedales, and a cross-breed. Mrs. Richardson is seen with an Airedale sentry dog.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A SWEDISH PRINCESS SEWING FOR THE RED CROSS SOCIETY: PRINCESS MARGARETHA.

Princess Margaretha, who is fifteen years old, is the eldest daughter of Prince Carl of Sweden, brother of the King of Sweden, and Princess Ingeborg, daughter of King Frederick of Denmark.—[Photograph by Blomberg.]

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

An important revival is that of "The Little Minister," at the Duke of York's. It is very early Barrie, and by no means of his best. Indeed, it is of his worst, and he in writing it was attempting to dramatise a novel, the beauty and the tenderness of which he entirely failed to put upon the stage. What he produced was a rather unreal story of a wayward girl indulging in an escapade of flirtation, and finding herself conquered by the simple sincerity of the little minister, who surrendered to her at first sight; of a Scotch marriage and a stern father badly caught in a trap which he had laid for another; and of Scotch elders displaying in the most conventional manner the sternness and the black-coated religion of their race. There is humour in it, but not of the quality we have learned to expect from its author's later work; and of pathos or imagination there is none. But after all it is Barrie, and that means that there is much in it that is entertaining, as the audience soon found; and it was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Marie Löhr plays Lady Babbie brightly and with much spirit; Mr. Donald Calthrop is an earnest and sincere Gavin Dishart; and good work is done by Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. Dawson Milward, and Mr. Henry Vibart.

"Outcast," the new play by Mr. H. H. Davies at Wyndham's, shows a more serious effort than his former work, but, though in many respects it exhibits fully his remarkable skill, the result is not wholly satisfactory. The audience gets the idea that the author is rather afraid of his subject, or perhaps of the audience. The study of the amiable, affectionate Miriam, willing to sacrifice her ambition to be made "an honest woman," has a note of insincerity; in fact it might even be guessed that the character was written as a star part. The star, of course, is Miss Ethel Levey, famous for her wonderful work in revue. She accomplishes her task as actress with a good deal of ability, without making one sure that she is likely to reach the first rank. Perhaps Mr. du Maurier slightly underplayed the vacillating hero; certainly he gave a very clever performance. Miss Grace Lane played skilfully and with sincerity the unsatisfactory character of the fickle lady who nearly came a cropper. The play is by no means uninteresting—indeed, many scenes really affected the house, and after all, any feeling of dissatisfaction may have been caused by the lamentable state of mind of the audience.

The Organising Officer of the City of London Battalions, National Reserve, writes that he is pleased to see so many of the men coming forward to join the Special Reserve, but that there are still some more men who are eligible but have not yet reported themselves. The office at the Guildhall is open daily from 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.



TERRORS OF THE "TERRIER."



THE SHORT-SIGHTED MATRON (to Territorial on guard at a railway-station): Now, don't stand there like a stuffed image, porter! Come and label this luggage.

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS JEFFERIES.



THE SENTRY (uncertain how to issue two challenges at once): 'Alt! 'Oo goes there?—er—twice!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Rhetoric Wanted.** The people—or rather, our youth of fighting age—will have to be thoroughly roused before we get numbers sufficient to end this hideous war; and the sooner we summon all the eloquence we possess to our aid the better. In a nation of forty million souls, it should not be impossible to have a million fighting men always in the field. Yet the great masses are ignorant of modern European history, of German “Welt-politik,” of Pan-Slavism, of Pan-Teutonism, of all that has led up to this titanic conflict, nor do they grasp what it means for us islanders should Kaiser Wilhelm’s hordes temporarily achieve success. The obvious course is to flood the country with eloquent speakers—women as well as men; to hold meetings everywhere—in village squares as well as in town halls, at street corners, on railway platforms, in parks, or round a motor-car. Women could, and should, take a splendid part in this fight for freedom. I should like to see speakers of the calibre of Mrs. Philip Snowden, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Creighton, or Lady St. Davids addressing vast audiences all over the country.

Before these lines appear, they may be doing it already, and one cannot help thinking that the psychological effect of a well-trained woman’s eloquence would have more influence on youngsters of twenty than an appeal from a man. It is “up to” the modern woman to make good her claim to public service. Nothing that she can do at the moment is more important than this. Women have volunteered in their hundreds of thousands for War Work; let us get all the feminine talent, all our beauty, youth, and eloquence to aid the recruiting sergeant.

#### Why not a Blood-red Band?

There is much talk of what signs of mourning those who have lost their dear ones should wear, and the five women of high degree who signed a letter urging a white band on the arm have set an example which is of great usefulness. The poor are always too ready to spend their savings on bombazine and crape, and all the paraphernalia of funerals, and we shall have nothing to spare, this coming winter, for indulging in complete changes of clothing. A band on the arm (provided all sorrowing relations wear the same) will be quite sufficient. It has been suggested that white—at any rate in our large cities, where most of the mourners will be—is easily soiled. Purple, to me, is the tint of resignation and despair; but red—blood-red—is a shouting, resilient, courageous colour. It suggests marching battalions, stalwart songs, fluttering banners, the thrilling sound of the bugle-call. Let those who mourn wear a wide band of glowing crimson round their arm—rich and

#### A New Crusade for Righteousness.

I am certain, as the months go on, and German barbarities grow even more ferocious in character—though they could not well be worse—this war will become a European crusade for Right against Might. It is true, the Germans have been perfectly frank for the last twenty years, and have not minced matters as to their policy of blood and iron, brutality, materialism, the Mailed Fist, and the reign of the Super-man, mixed with such an amazing decadence in literature, art, and music as the world has rarely seen. Anyone with even a cursory acquaintance with the most modern German fiction knows that it is far more pernicious than that of the new France. Their art—as represented by the Munich and Düsseldorf schools—is as violent as it is degraded, and no Post-Impressionist daub is too absurd to be eagerly bought by German *bourgeois* and hung up in their homes. Of their music I am not competent to speak, but great connoisseurs tell me that the scores of Richard Strauss are brutality translated into sound. Their attitude towards their women has always been that of contempt, inasmuch as they seldom recognise them as equals. A German would rather see his wife in the kitchen, preparing a succulent meal for him, than adding in any way to the culture or civilisation of the world. Such traits may sound trifling, but they all add to the sum of materialism, selfishness, and brutality which make up the Prussian ideal. Western Europe—and we hope that before long Portugal and Italy may have joined in—are out to destroy for ever this doctrine of the Mailed Fist, this incitement to copy the methods of Attila and his Huns. Once more the barbarians descend upon civilisation from Central Europe. This time they must be destroyed and driven back, and compressed into the smallest State possible.

#### The Quality of Our Manhood.

At present the quality of our new army, the type of men who are enlisting, is of the best possible kind. They are Varsity men, lawyers, sportsmen, peers, baronets, civil servants, the pick of our young professional and business men. Personally, I do not think that presenting a “white feather” to a youth lounging on the Lees at Folkestone or playing tennis at Eastbourne would add greatly to the efficiency of our Continental army. These are not the stuff of which good soldiers are made. If they cared for their country, they would not be occupying a penny chair and gazing at the Channel while their own kinsmen were dying in thousands on the other side. If you have a voluntary army, you must have enthusiasm, and this is what the North counted on in the great American Civil War. They manufactured, in some dozen months, one of the finest fighting armies in the world, as well as producing such men as Grant and Sheridan. Yet their soldiers came from the plough, the shop, the University, and the office, and had but the smallest number of professional soldiers to stiffen them or drill them into shape. We are about to have a new army of much the same material.



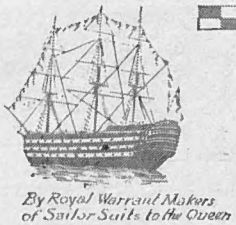
A COSTUME IN VELOURS.

This costume in mole-coloured velours has a tight-fitting coat and a large plaited basque. The vest, cuffs, and collar are of white panne velvet. The hat, in stiff black velours, is trimmed with white gull’s wings.

AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

This is a design for an autumn costume, with a new long coat, low-waisted, and a loose sash belt. Two big tucks give a double-tunic effect to the skirt. The costume is made in heavy blue gaberdine, with fancy braid buttons and Napoleon collar of white stiff linen. The toque is of grey and white feathers.

poor alike. Gay clothes will not be seen during the time before us; the red band may be all the colour visible on a feminine population dressed, probably, in useful navy-blue.



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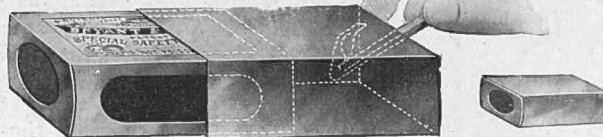
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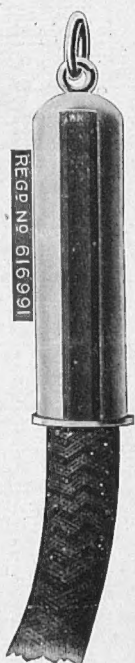
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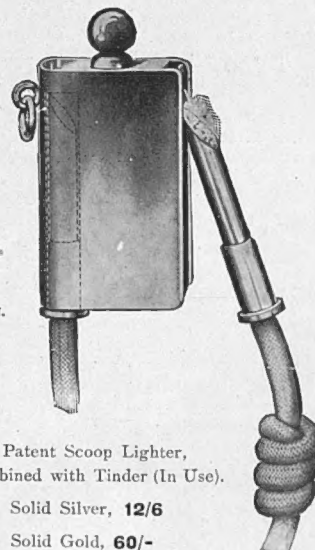
Engine-Turned Silver, 10/6



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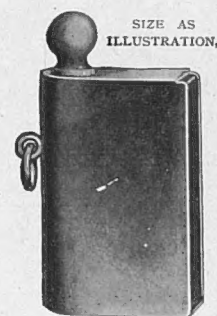
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Also Plain Silver, 9/- Solid Gold, 50/-





THE SENTRY AND THE MOTORIST: A WAR OF MOTORS—SCOUTING, TRANSPORT, AND RED CROSS.

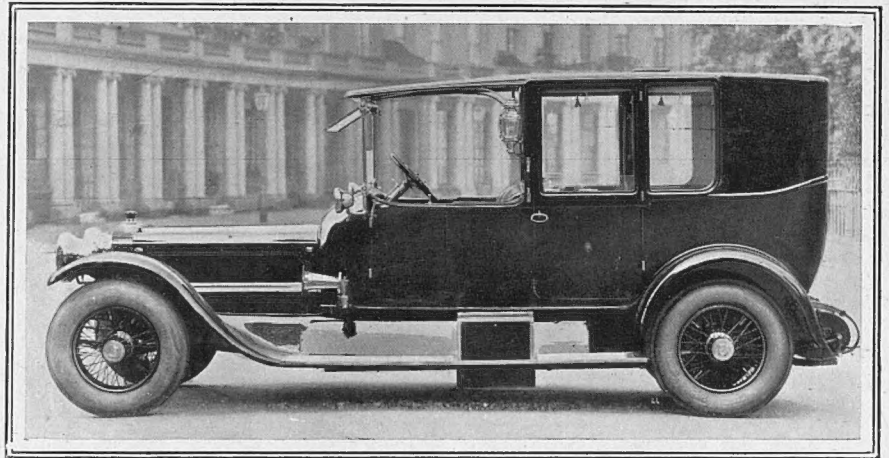
**Motoring Risks at Night.**

Night driving is more than ever tempting at this time of year, and particularly while we are enjoying such splendid weather, but there is no gainsaying the fact that, in the special circumstances, the best place for a car or a motor-cycle after sundown is the motor-house. It is very sad to read of motorists—in one instance the victim was a lady—having been shot in the dark by sentries. There may have been faults on both sides or not, and the probability of an inexperienced Territorial being over-hasty through nervous strain is readily conceivable; nevertheless, it must be remembered that he has little time to think when a fast vehicle like a car or a motor-cycle is concerned, and duty precludes his giving the driver the benefit of the doubt. Motor-cyclists especially must bear in mind that their machines may be noisy enough to prevent a challenge being heard, and that a sentry who is not used to motors of any kind may not appreciate the fact that, though his own word of command may sound loud and peremptory enough to himself, it may never reach the rider, who is right over his own engine. At the same time, it would be as well if the military authorities would issue a general caution to the forces as to the posting of sentries, pointing out that the stopping of a moving machine is a very different matter from that of challenging a supposed spy creeping through the undergrowth in the dead of night.

**A War of Motors.** When the great European war is over, and its history can be written in adequate fashion, I shall be surprised if it is not referred to as a motoring campaign, and this notwithstanding all that we read of the marching of troops in massed millions. It is true enough that the pace of a man's walk cannot be increased, but what differentiates this war from all its predecessors is that the walking has been effectual, and that there has been the minimum of waste of time either in the following of false scents or of standing idle while awaiting the reports of intelligence bureaux. Scouting in the present field of

**Transport and Armoured Cars.**

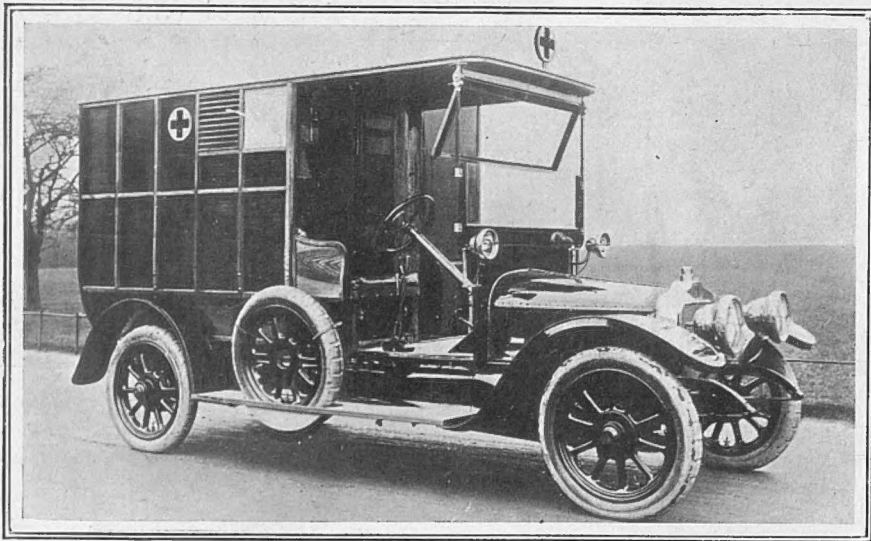
In all probability, however, though details are lacking as yet, the motor vehicle has been chiefly useful to all the armies alike in respect of the commissariat arrangements. Our own War Department, we know, already owned a large number of heavy motors before the war began, and had a lien on others; while the French Army has always had plenty of transport wagons in use at its annual manoeuvres; nor is it likely that Germany was behindhand in this



WITH SPECIAL PROTECTION AGAINST BOMBS: A NEW LIMOUSINE CAR FOR THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The body of the Queen of Spain's new car has been made by Messrs. Mann, Egerton, and Co., and is fitted to a "Daimler" special chassis. The dimensions of the rear three-quarter windows have been curtailed "to provide protection against bombs, etc."—[Photograph by Wakefield.]

respect. One reads, indeed, of countless motor-wagons passing through Brussels since the occupation, and one cannot assume the possibility of the Teutonic hordes being fed unless more expeditious means of bringing up supplies were available than in previous wars. The difference to the rank and file must be considerable, and in any future war, if one dare to think of another outbreak after the dire lessons of the present cataclysm, the use of mechanical transport would certainly be enormous, and all but universal. Next to the question of food-supply, however, the outstanding feature of the war has been the dramatic work of the armoured cars, and one can conceive the time when they will almost entirely supersede the use of cavalry for scouting purposes. Lastly, there are the motor-ambulances: what a godsend they must have proved in every district where the fighting was carried on in the neighbourhood of roads!



A MOTOR-AMBULANCE BODY FITTED TO AN ORDINARY CAR: A DESIGN MANUFACTURED BY THE CLEMENT-TALBOT COMPANY.

The ambulance body illustrated above has been adapted to a 20-30-h.p. standard touring chassis.

operations is as different from that of the Franco-German War of forty-four years ago as could well be imagined, what with motor-cars fitted with wireless installations, or flying from outpost to base, to say nothing of the invaluable services of aeroplanes. Even Paris itself is in touch with the troops at the front by motor-car, and well-known motoring journalists have been making long but rapid journeys with despatches. It cannot be doubted, moreover, in view of the enormous numbers of cars that have been commandeered by the several armies, that they have been used even for the conveyance of troops, not only for the sake of rapidity, but as a relief to the congestion of the railways.

**Exports Resumed.** No country is feeling the disturbance caused by the war less heavily than our own, and it is pleasing to note that one temporary embargo which was enforced at the outset has now been entirely removed. This concerned the exportation of cars, and was probably enjoined in the first instance pending such time as the military authorities could gauge the extent of their own requirements by purchase. Any British manufacturer, however, is now free to export cars of every kind; and as the trade routes, thanks to our Navy, are kept open, there should be an increase of business owing to the withdrawal of a large proportion of Continental supplies. The Dominions, if only from sentimental reasons, will be far more willing henceforth to take up British cars, and though the home trade of our motor manufacturers will suffer some curtailment for the present, they may undoubtedly count upon a substantial increase in their exports.

**No Scarcity in Tyres.** A reassuring statement as to an alleged "possibility of a scarcity of tyres," is put forward by the Dunlop Company, who announce expressly that there is no danger whatsoever of this contingency arising. They can instantly meet any demand likely to be made upon them, notwithstanding the stoppage of Continental supplies and the consequent increase of orders for British goods. There has been no alteration, moreover, of Dunlop prices, nor has there been any refusal of credit.



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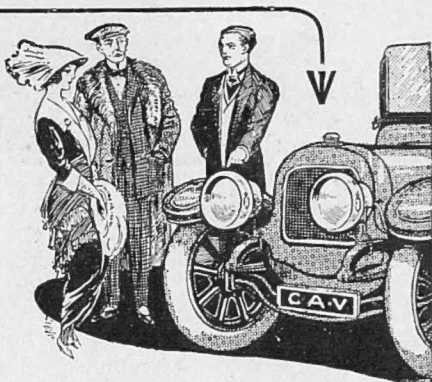
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## A NEW NOVEL.

**"The Jam Queen."**BY NETTA SYRETT.  
(Methuen.)

Comedy with light bubbles of farce running over a current of satire is a most attractive form of fiction. Like the good workwoman that she is, Miss Syrett, having chosen her theme and material, keeps her amusing story at exactly the right pitch. What *vis-à-vis* Mrs. Quilter and Mrs. Stream make! Harriet Quilter the Jam Queen, a mixture of the sentimental fifties with Shavian common-sense, so unobtrusively effective, and Mrs. Stream, who poured out tea all wrong for her husband wearing the same felt hat in which she had appeared at breakfast because an evening meeting of the W.S.P.U. made it not worth while to remove her head-gear. If anything could make Mrs. Quilter more adorable it would be the appearance of Mrs. John Stream dressed for walking in her stout laced boots, dropping around her a white storm of pamphlets. It was an entirely charming fancy of Miss Syrett's to give us not a bacon king or an oil king, but a jam queen. From a match-factory to the jam-throne had been her progress on business lines which impaired neither her sentiment nor her generosity. And she was great enough to realise the force of little things. On love, for example (and "What a strange phenomenon is love!" mused Mrs. Quilter)—she could realise that the beloved and lamented Mr. Quilter had had admirable qualities of head and heart, "yet, but for his whiskahs, he would never have led me to the altar. In the light of subsequent experience, deah, I know that I married Mr. Quiltah solely for his whiskahs. That behind and a little below the whiskahs beat a noble heart was my good fortune rather than my desert. Whiskahs always win—the rest is Providence." Mrs. Quilter was self-educated on the works of Maria Edgeworth and the cautionary Mrs. Turner, which accounted for the Johnsonese of her style. A woman of such sweet, tolerant wisdom between a fanatical nephew ready to commit crime in the pursuance of philanthropy and a second nephew who manages to play the clown with the Oxford manner are the chief figures of a pleasant comedy. The Jam Queen will be as popular as she deserves with Miss Syrett's readers.

At two or three theatres the cautious and probably wise policy of revival has been followed. The transfer of "Mr. Wu" to the Savoy can hardly be described as a revival, as it was merely a continuation of a highly successful run; and it gave an

opportunity of seeing again Mr. Matheson Lang's wonderfully clever study of the grim and dignified Chinaman with his painfully logical theory of revenge. "Grumpy" had had a holiday, but not a long one; and it was not surprising to find Mr. Cyril Maude at the New Theatre, finishing his last few weeks in England (for he returns to America soon), with this the most popular of his recent ventures. Old men of eccentric nature are his very strong point; and "Grumpy" is one of the oldest and most eccentric and most entertaining of his creations. The little heroine is now being played prettily by Miss Elsie Mackay, and Mr. Montagu Love and Mr. Lewin Pawle are as good as ever. The Lyceum has gone in heavily for the military spirit, and with "Tommy Atkins" on the programme ought to have no difficulty in keeping full houses for many weeks. It is frankly and nakedly transportine in the highest degree, and very full of red coats and broad barrack-room humours and martial music.

The British War Office has ordered for immediate delivery 12,000 Moseley cycle tyres and 12,000 Moseley cycle tubes.

R. and J. Hill, in their Badminton Tobacco Factories, are paying married men half-pay who have been called up, and their places are being kept open.

In spite of war and trade panic, the firm of Messrs. Harry Hall, 207, Oxford Street, tailors, boldly decided to open their new premises acquired at 149, Cheapside. Service kit is a feature with this firm, and everything is made to withstand hard campaign wear and tear.

Persons placing private houses at the disposal of the Government for the use of wounded soldiers may be interested to learn that Messrs. Jennings, of Lambeth Palace Road and of Dover Street, will undertake free of charge preliminary inspections of sanitary arrangements.

Two hundred beds are at the disposal of the Admiralty in the Dreadnought Hospital at Greenwich for sick and injured who may arrive in the Thames from the Fleet. In addition, twenty-five beds are at the disposal of the Admiralty at the Albert Dock Hospital of the Seamen's Hospital Society.

There is an impression abroad that "De Reszke" cigarettes are of German origin, but they are British-made, and all the shares are held by British subjects. Mr. Millhoff, the Managing Director of the Company, is a Russian by birth, but has for the greater part of his life carried on business in London, where the factory is situated; while M. Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor after whom the cigarettes are named, is also a Russian.

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September 9, 1914.

Signature.....

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